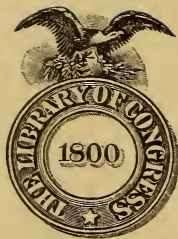


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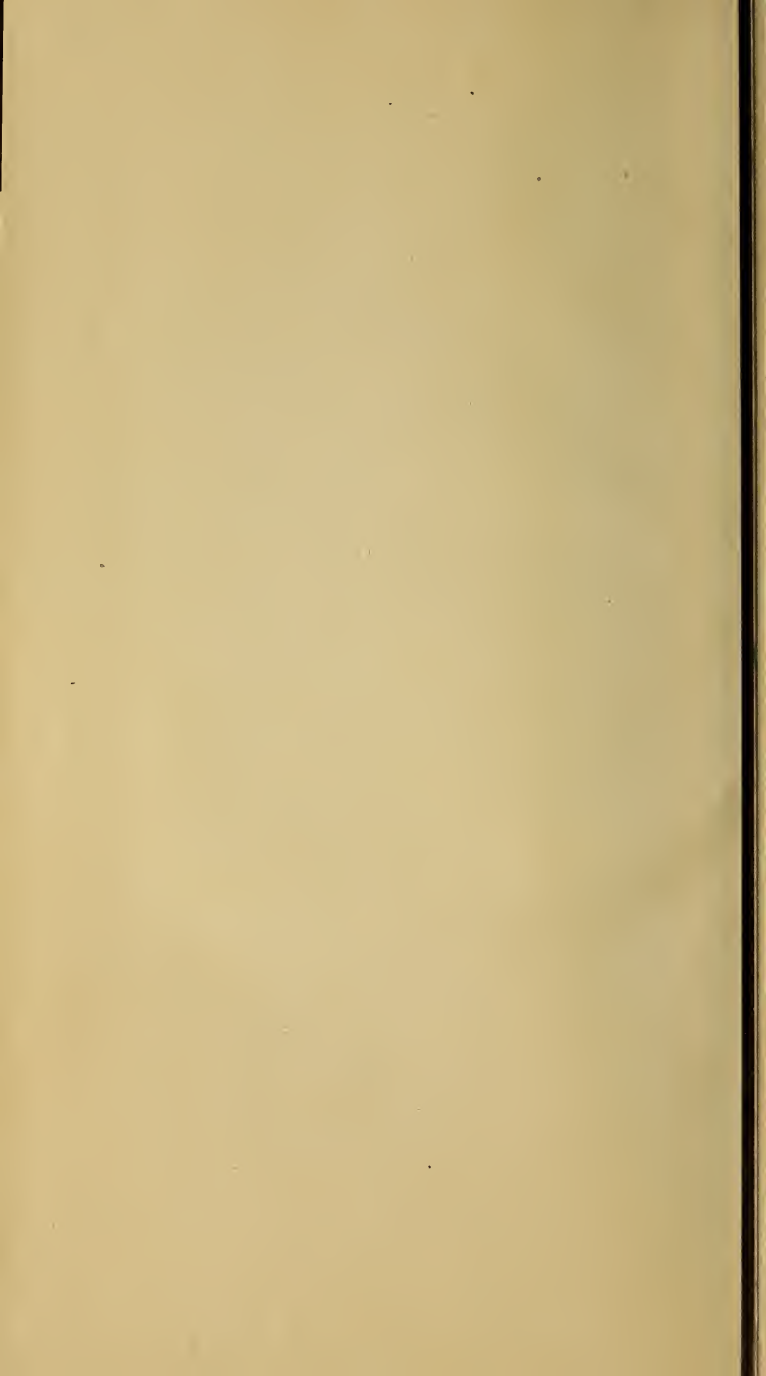
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Plutarchiana

*804
1154*

ANECDOTES

SELECTED FROM

THE LIVES OF PLUTARCH,

BY

CEDRICK.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A few Juvenile Fragments

BY THE AUTHOR.

*42
6543*

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PREFACE.

DESIROUS of engaging in the literary world, and anxious to add *one* to the innumerable scribblers of the day, the Author (*quamvis minimus minimi*) has ventured to submit these Anecdotes to the Public; and should they be so fortunate as to be found capable of killing an idle hour, they will fully repay his expectations.

The celebrated lives, from which he has made choice of these sentiments, are so universal, so general a companion of the library, that he has carefully

PREFACE.

avoided swelling the book with notes or observations:—since, should a reference be required, the lives will afford it.

An admirer himself of Plutarch, whose simplicity and impartiality deservedly attach him to every reader, he has in the course of his historical journey culled a few flowers;—and having bound them together, now presents them to the reader.

The Author would not have permitted the Fragments, which conclude the work, to have wandered beyond the confines of his desk, had he not been requested to insert them.

PREFACE.

Their foundation is a young Imagination,—the only basis on which hopes may be built for a mild judgment.

Many faults and inaccuracies will meet the reader's eye, for they are the same (with the exception of a trifling alteration) as when they were first composed.

March 21, 1825.

Address to the Reader.

GAY fields of Fancy wav'd before my sight ;
Young Emulation spread her wings for flight ;
Imagination ventur'd too to roam,
Far from the sterile precincts of her home ;
Hope lur'd them on these novel scenes to try,
Replete with beauty and variety :
Philosophy and Logic there were found
To trail their branches o'er the fruitful ground ;
There History grew, with many a blithsome flow'r,
Sown by the hand of Intellectual Pow'r :
Amongst the group a Flower caught their eye—
They sought its name—its name was *Poetry* :
A *sprout* they seiz'd, and, leaving all behind,
'This deeply grafted in the youthful mind—
Behold the harvest—lo ! the dear reward,—
A *few poor Fragments*—and *the name* of Bard.
If taste or talent sanction—then commend ;
But spare the *Author*, Critic, in the *Friend*.

BY THE AUTHOR.

June 30th, 1825.

ANECDOTES,

&c.

I. PLUTARCH, in his political precepts, mentions one instance of his father's discretion which does him great honour:—"I remember," says he, "that I was sent, when a very young man, along with another citizen of Chœronea, upon an embassy to the pro-consul. My colleague being by some accident obliged to stop in the way, I proceeded without him, and executed our commission. Upon my return to Chœronea, when I was to give an account in public of my negociation, my father took me aside, and said, 'My son, take care that in the account which you are about to give, you

do not mention yourself distinctly, but jointly with your colleague. Say not, ‘I went,’ ‘I spoke,’ ‘I executed;’ but ‘we went,’ ‘we spoke,’ ‘we executed.’ Thus, though your colleague was incapable of attending you, he will share in the honour of your success, as well as in that of your appointment; and you will avoid that envy which necessarily follows all arrogated merit.”

II. Elatus, who when his wife upbraided him, that he would leave the regal power to his children less than he received it, replied, “Nay, greater, because more lasting.”

III. It is related of a king of Pontus, that he purchased a Lacedæmonian cook, for the sake of his broth! but when he came to taste it, he strongly expressed his dislike; upon

which the cook answered, "Sir, in order to relish this broth, it is necessary first to bathe in the Eurotas."*

* Lycurgus being desirous of completing the conquest of luxury, and to exterminate the love of riches introduced a third institution, which was the use of public tables, where all were to eat in common of the same meat appointed by law :—the black broth was one of the dishes.

Xenophon seems to have penetrated farther into the reason of this Institution than any other author. The rest only say, that it was intended to repress luxury; but he very wisely remarks, "That it was also intended to serve for a kind of school where the young were instructed by the old, the latter relating the great things that had been performed within their memory, and thus exciting the growing generation to distinguish themselves by performances equally honourable.

These repasts were called by the Cretans *Andria*; but the Lacedæmons styled them *Phiditia*, either from their tendency to 'friendship' and mutual benevolence, *phiditia* being used instead of *philitia*; or else from their teaching frugality and 'parsimony,' which the word *pheidō* signifies. It is possible that the first letter might by some means or other be added; and so *phiditia* take place of *editia*, which barely signifies 'eating.'—*vide Life of Lycurgus, pages 115—17.*

IV. When Leotychides the elder was one evening supping at Corinth, he asked his host, seeing the ceiling of the room most splendidly and curiously wrought, "Whether trees grew square in his country?"

V. Gorgo, the wife of Leonidas, is said to have uttered; when a woman of another country remarked to her, "You of Lacedæmon are the only women in the world that rule the men;" "We are the only women that bring forth men."

VI. King Agis, when a certain Athenian laughed at the Lacedæmonian short swords, and said, "The jugglers upon the stage would swallow them with ease;" answered thus laconically,—“Nevertheless we can reach our enemies' hearts with them.”

VII. When Lycurgus was asked what sort of martial exercises he allowed, he answered, "All, except those in which you stretch out your hands."

VIII. Lycurgus being asked whether Sparta should be enclosed with walls? replied, "That city is well fortified, which has a wall of men instead of brick."

IX. Charilaus, the nephew of Lycurgus, being asked why his uncle had made so few laws, answered, "To men of few words, few laws are sufficient."

X. Some people finding fault with Hecataeus the sophist, because when admitted to one of the public repasts he did not utter a single syllable, Archidamus replied—

“ He who knows how to speak, knows also when to speak.”

XI. Archidamus being asked, what number of men were in Sparta, replied, “ Enough to keep bad men at a distance.”

XII. “ A large head of hair (observes the Spartan lawgiver) makes the handsome more graceful, and the ugly more terrible.”

XIII. A Lacedæmonian, when large sums of money were offered him on condition that he would not enter the Olympic lists, refused them. This man, after he had with much difficulty thrown his antagonist, was asked ; “ Spartan what will you gain by this victory ?” He answered with a smile, “ I shall have the honour of fighting foremost in the ranks before my prince.”

XIV. Argileonis, the mother of Brasidas, inquiring of some Amphipolitans that waited upon her at her house, whether Brasidas had died honourably and as became a Spartan; they loudly extolled his merit, and said there was not such a man left in Sparta: upon which she replied, "Say not so, my friends; for Brasidas was indeed a man of honour, but Lacedæmon can boast of many better men than he."

XV. Plato observes concerning government: "That the only sure prospect of deliverance from the evils of life will be when the divine Providence shall so order it, that the coincidence of philosophy and regal power shall render virtue triumphant over vice."

XVI. A good man indeed, observes Plu-

tarch, and a valuable member of society, should neither set his heart upon superfluities, nor reject the use of what is necessary and convenient.

XVII. Solon's friends observing to him amongst other reasons, that if he rejected the monarchy from a fear of the name of 'Tyrant,'* he would appear as deficient in courage; he made this reply—"Absolute monarchy is a fair field, but it has no outlet."

XVIII. Pittacus, one of the seven wise men of Greece, made himself master of Mitylene; for which Alcæus, who was one

* The word *Tyrant* was frequently applied by the ancients instead of *King*.

of the same town, contemporary with Pittacus and (as a poet) a friend to liberty, satirised him, as he did the other tyrants. Pittacus disregarded his censures; and having by his authority quelled the seditions of his citizens, and established peace and harmony among them, he voluntarily quitted his power, and restored his country to its liberty. Forced however, in his old age, by the unanimous suffrages of his fellow-citizens to resume the helm, he pronounced the memorable maxim, that "virtue is not without her incumbrance." After accomplishing the purpose for which he had been recalled to his high post, he again descended into the vale of private life.*

* He was a native of Mitylene in Lesbos. His father's name was Cyrradius. He died in the eighty-second year of his age, about 570 years before Christ, 110 years after L. Q. Cincinnatus, a Roman whose conduct was similar to Pittacus'.

XIX. Solon being asked, "What city was best modelled?" he answered, "That, where those who are not injured, are as ready to prosecute and punish offenders, as those who are."

XX. Dionysius, when his mother desired him to be married to a young Syracusan, told her; "He had indeed by his tyranny violated the laws of his country, but he could not violate those of nature, by countenancing so disproportionate a match."

XXI. Solon in his interview with Cræsus after having been an eye witness of all his wealth and riches, was asked by the king, "If he had ever beheld a happier man than himself!" Solon answered, "he had; and that was one Tellus, a plain but worthy citizen of Athens, who left valuable children

behind him ; and who, having been above the want of necessaries during his whole life, died gloriously fighting for his country.” He asked him, however again ; “ Whether, after Tellus, he knew any other happier man ?” To which Solon replied, “ Yes, Cleobis and Biton, famed for their brotherly affection, and their dutiful behaviour to their mother ; for the oxen not being ready, they put themselves in the harness, and drew their mother, happy in having such sons and hailed by the acclamations of the people, to Juno’s temple. After the sacrifice they drank a cheerful cup with their friends, and then laid down to rest, but rose no more ; having expired in the night without sorrow or pain, in the midst of all their glory.”

XXII. When Pisistratus had seized the citadel, and the city was in great confusion,

Megacles with the rest of the Alcmaeonidæ immediately took to flight. But Solon, though he was now very old and had none to second him, appeared in public, and addressed himself to the citizens; sometimes upbraiding them with their past indiscretion and cowardice, and sometimes exhorting and encouraging them to stand up for their liberty. Then it was, that he spoke those memorable words, "It would have before been easier for them to repress the advances of tyranny, and prevent its establishment; but now, that it was established, and grown to some height, it would be more glorious to demolish it." Finding however that their fears prevented their attending to what he said, he returned to his own house, and placed his weapons at the street door with these words, "I have done all in my power to defend my country and its laws." This was his last public effort.

XXIII. Pyrrhus in the intercourse of life was mild, and not easily provoked, but ardent and quick to repay a kindness. For this reason, he was deeply afflicted at the death of Eropus : “ His friend,” he said, “ had only paid the tribute to nature ; but he blamed and reproached himself for having put off his acknowledgements, till by these delays he had lost the opportunity of making any return. For those that owe money, can pay it to the heirs of the deceased ; but when a return of kindness is not made to a person in his life-time, it grieves the heart that has in it any goodness and honour.”

XXIV. Pyrrhus being asked one day by one of his children, “ To which of them he would leave his kingdom ?” he replied, “ to him, who has the sharpest sword.”

XXV. The Epirots on a certain occasion having given him the name of 'Eagle,' he said, "If I am an eagle, you have made me one; for it is upon your army as upon wings, that I have risen so high."

XXVI. A Macedonian named Leonatus, observed an Italian horseman very intent upon Pyrrhus, in an engagement with the Romans, changing his post, and regulating all his motions of every kind by those of the king. Upon which he rode up and said to him; "Do you see, sir, that barbarian upon the black horse with white feet? he seems to meditate some dreadful design. Full of fire and spirit, he keeps you in his eye, singles you out, and takes no notice of any body else: therefore be on your guard against him." Pyrrhus answered: "It is impossible, Leonatus, to avoid our destiny."

XXVII. During Sylla's stay at Athens, he felt a painful and heavy numbness in his feet, which Strabo calls 'the lisping of the gout.' This obliged him to sail to Ædepsus, for the benefit of the warm baths, where he lounged away the day with mimics and buffoons, and all the train of Bacchus. One day, as he was walking by the sea-side, some fishermen presented him with a curious dish of fish. Delighted with the present, he asked the people of what country they were, and when he heard they were Alœans, "What," said he, "are any of the Alœans then alive?" For after his victory at Oreghomenus, in taking vengeance upon his enemies he had ^{raised} ~~raised~~ three cities of Bœtia, Anthedon, Larymna, and Alxœ. The poor men were struck dumb with fear, but he told them with a smile; "they might go away perfectly happy, for they had brought very respectable mediators with them."

XXVIII. It is said that when Jugurtha was led before the car of the conqueror, he lost his senses. After the triumph he was thrown into prison ; where, while they were in haste to strip him, some tore his robe off his back, and others catching eagerly at his pendants pulled off the tips of his ears along with them. When he was thrust down naked into the dungeon, all confused, he said with a frantic smile, “ Heavens ! how cold is this bath of yours ! ”

XXIX. Marius having suffered the enemy to draw a line about him, to ridicule and challenge him to the combat, without being in the least exasperated by it, it is reported that Pompeidius Silo, an officer of the highest eminence and authority among the allies, said to him, “ If you are a great general, Marius, come down and fight us ; ” to which

he answered, "if you are a great general, Silo, make me come down and fight."

XXX. Pomponius, a man of some dignity, was wounded and taken in the battle between Lucullus and Mithridates near the river Lycus, in which the Romans were defeated. Though much indisposed with his wounds, he was brought before Mithridates, who asked him; "Whether, if he saved his life, he would become his friend?" "On condition that you will be reconciled to the Romans," said he, "I will; but, if not, I must still remain your enemy." The king, struck with admiration of his patriotism, did him no injury.

XXXI. Rhœsaces, a barbarian who had revolted from the king of Persia, and was

come to Athens with great treasures, finding himself harassed by informers, applied to Cimon for his protection ; and in order to gain his favour placed two cups, the one full of gold, and the other of silver darics,* in his anti-chamber. Cimon, casting his eye upon them, smiled and asked him, “ Whether he would choose to have him his mercenary, or his friend ? ” “ My friend undoubtedly,” replied the barbarian. “ Go then,” said Cimon, “ and take these things back with you ; for, if I be your friend, your money will be mine, whenever I have occasion for it.”

XXXII. When Cimon returned from assisting the Lacedæmonians, he marched with his army through Corinth. Lachartus

* Daricus, a Dario rege Persarum dict. valebat 4 drachmas auri Atticas, 40 argenti.

complained in high terms of his introducing his troops, without permission from the citizens: "For," said he, "when we knock at another man's door, we do not enter without leave from the master." "You, Lachartus, however," answered Cimon, "did not knock at the gates of Cleone, and Megara, but broke them in pieces, and forced your way upon this principle, that nothing should be shut against the strong." With this proper confidence did he reply to the Corinthian, and then pursued his march.

XXXIII. Metellus, though his friends exhorted and entreated him to comply, and not expose himself to those dreadful penalties which Saturninus had provided for nonjurors, did not shrink from the dignity of his resolution, or take the oath. That illustrious man abode by his principles; he

was ready to suffer the greatest calamities, rather than do a dishonourable thing; and as he quitted the forum, he said to those about him, "To do an ill action is base: to do a good one, which involves you in no danger, is nothing more than common: but it is the property of a virtuous man to do good ones, though he risks every thing by doing them."

XXXIV. The chamber, in which Marius lay, was somewhat gloomy; and a light, they say, glanced from Marius' eyes upon the face of the assassin; while at the same time he heard a solemn voice, saying, "Dost thou dare to kill Marius?" Upon this the assassin threw down his sword and fled, crying, "I cannot kill Marius." This circumstance ensured his safety.

XXXV. The Roman governor in Africa was Sextilius. He had neither received favour nor injury from Marius, but the exile hoped something from his pity. He was just landed with a few of his men, when an officer came up and thus addressed him :—
“Marius, the prætor Sextilius forbids you to set foot in Africa. If you do not obey, he will support the senate’s decree, and treat you as a public enemy.” Marius upon hearing this, was struck dumb with grief and indignation. He uttered not a word for some time, but stood regarding the officer with a menacing aspect. At length the officer asked him, “What answer he should carry back to the governor?” “Tell him,” said the unfortunate man with a deep sigh, “that thou hast seen the exiled Marius sitting upon the ruins of Carthage.” Thus, in the happiest manner in the world, he proposed the fate of that city and his own as warnings to the prætor.

XXXVI. After much search, Alexander's horsemen found Darius extended on his chariot, and pierced with many darts. Though he was near his last moment, however, he had strength to ask for something to quench his thirst. A Macedonian, named Polystratus, brought him some cold water ; and when he had drank, he said, " Friend, this fills up the measure of my misfortunes, to think that I am not able to reward thee for this act of kindness. But Alexander will not suffer thee to go without a recompense ; and the gods will reward Alexander for his humanity to my mother, my wife, and my children. Tell him I give him my hand, for I give it thee in ' his stead.' So saying, he took the hand of Polystratus, and immediately expired.

XXXVII. Chares of Mitylene tells us, that Alexander at one of his entertainments,

after he had drank, reached the cup to one of his friends ; who on receiving it rose up, and turning toward the hearth (where stood the domestic gods) to drink, first worshipped, and then kissed Alexander. This done, he took his place again at table. All the guests did the same in this order, except Callisthenes. When it came to his turn, he drank and then approached to give the king a kiss, who being engaged in some discourse with Hephæstion, happened not to notice him. But Demetrius, surnamed Phidon, cried out, “ Don’t receive his kiss ; for he alone has not adored you.” Upon which, Alexander refused it, and Callisthenes said aloud, “ Then I return a kiss the poorer.”

XXXVIII. When Porus was taken prisoner, Alexander asked him, “ How he wished to be treated ?” He answered, “ Like

a king." "And have you nothing else to request?" demanded Alexander. "No," said he, "every thing is comprehended in the word, king." Alexander immediately restored him his own dominions, and annexed to them very extensive territories.

XXXIX. When Alexander took the ten Gymnosophists, who had been principally concerned in instigating Sabbas to revolt, and had involved the Macedonians in many other distresses, he proposed to them the most difficult questions which could be devised, and at the same time declared that he would put to death the first that answered wrong, and after him all the rest. The oldest man among them was to be judge.

He demanded of the first, "Which were most numerous, the living or the dead?"

He answered, "The living; for the dead no longer exist."

The second was asked, "Whether the earth, or the sea, produced the largest animals?" He answered, "The earth; for the sea is part of it."

The third, "Which was the craftiest of all animals?" "That," said he, "with which man is not yet acquainted."

The fourth, "What was his reason for persuading Sabbas to revolt?" "Because," said he, "I wished him either to live as a brave man, or to die like a coward."

The fifth, "Which do you think oldest, the day or the night?" He answered, "The day, by one day." As the king appeared surprised at this solution, the philosopher

told him, "Abstruse questions must have abstruse answers."

Then addressing himself to the sixth, he inquired, "What are the best means for a man to make himself loved?" he replied, "If possessed of great power, not to make himself feared."

The seventh was asked, "How a man might become a god?" He answered, "By doing what it is impossible for man to do."

The eighth, "Which is strongest, life or death?" "Life," said he, "because it bears so many evils."

The last question that he put was, "How long is it good for a man to live?" "As long," replied the philosopher, "as he does not prefer death to life."

XL. When Cæsar was in Spain, he bestowed some leisure hours on reading part of the history of Alexander, and was so much affected by it, that he sat pensive a long time, and at last burst into tears. As his friends were wondering what might be the reason, he said; “Do you think I have not sufficient cause for concern, when Alexander at my age reigned over so many conquered countries, and I have not a single proud achievement to boast?”*

XLI. When Cæsar approached the doors of the treasury, and the keys were not pro-

* This was an exclamation of regret, worthy Julius Cæsar: and, oh! that the minds of men were now so influenced by the noble actions of their ancestors, as to shake off the present too fashionable inactivity; and be stimulated to perform actions, more becoming their fathers and themselves. But the days of emulation are gone by, and England is in her most flourishing prosperity!

duced, he sent for workmen to break them open. Metellus again opposed him, and some praised his firmness; but Cæsar with an elevated voice threatened to put him to death, if he gave him any farther trouble. “And, young man,” said he, “you know very well, that this is harder for me to say, than to do.” At these words Metellus retired.

XLII. On the night when Cæsar undertook to sail to Brundusium, though the enemy’s fleet covered the sea, the river becoming extremely rough, and the billows forming such dangerous eddies, the pilot despaired of making good his passage, and ordered the mariners to turn back. Cæsar perceiving this rose up, and showing himself to the pilot, who was greatly surprised at the

sight of him, said; "Go forward, my friend, and fear nothing: thou carriest Cæsar and Cæsars's fortune in thy vessel."

XLIII. When Cæsar was going to put his troops in motion at the memorable battle of Pharsalia, he saw a trusty and experienced centurion encouraging his men to distinguish themselves that day. Cæsar called him by his name, and said, "What cheer, Caius Crassinius? How do we stand, think you?" "Cæsar," said the veteran in a bold accent, and stretching out his hand, "the victory is ours. It will be a glorious one; and this day I shall have your praise either alive or dead." After extraordinary feats of bravery, one of his antagonists pushed his sword with such force into his mouth, that the point came out at the nape of his neck.

XLIV. In an engagement in which Cæsar's men were put to flight, he took an ensign, who was running away, by the neck, and making him face about said, "Look on this side for the enemy."

Another time, at the famous battle of Munda when Pompeys' sons commanded the enemy, Cæsar in the beginning saw his men so hard pressed, and making so feeble a resistance, that he rushed through the ranks amidst the swords and spears, crying, "Are you not ashamed to deliver your general into the hands of boys?"* This, at last produced the desired effect. As he retired, however, after the battle, he told his friends, "He had often fought for victory, but that

* The sarcastic and opprobrious appellation of 'boys,' ill accords with the observation he made on retiring from the battle, as the anecdote will show.

was the first time in which he had fought for his life."

XLV. When Antony and Dolabella were accused of some designs against Cæsar's person and government, he said; "I have no apprehension from these fat and sleek men, I rather fear the pale and lean ones:" meaning Cassius and Brutus.*

* Shakspeare thus makes Cæsar comment on Cassius, in reply to Antony;—

- "Let me have men about me that are fat;
- "Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
- "Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look:
- "He thinks too much, such men are dangerous."

And again;

- "'Would he were fatter:—"
-

- "He reads much;
 - "He is a great observer, and he looks
 - "Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays."
-

- "Seldom he smiles, &c." *Act 1. Scene 2.*

XLVI. While Cæsar with Marcus Lepidus and others were signing according to custom a number of Letters, as they sat at table, there arose a question, "What kind of death was the best?" when Cæsar answering before them all, cried out "A sudden one."

XLVII. When Charles the Orator observed to the Athenians, "What terrible brows Phocion had;" and they could not help smiling at the remark, he said, "This brow of mine never gave one of you an hour of sorrow; but the laughter of these sneerers has cost their country many a tear."

XLVIII. One day when the theatre was full of people, Phocion was observed behind the scenes wrapped up in thought; upon which one of his friends observed to him,

“ What ! at your meditations, Phocion ? ”

“ Yes,” replied he, “ I am meditating whether I cannot shorten what I have to say to the Athenians.”

XLIX. When Chabrias sent Phocion to the islands to demand their contributions, he offered him a guard of twenty sail. But Phocion said, “ If you send me against enemies, such a fleet is too small ; if to friends, a single ship is sufficient.”

L. In a public debate, when Phocion’s opinion was much applauded, he turned to his friends and said, “ Have I inadvertently let slip something wrong.”

LI. When the Athenians were one day making a collection, Phocion was importuned

to contribute among the rest, but he bade them apply to the rich; “ I should be ashamed,” said he, “ to give you anything, and not to pay this man what I owe him ;” pointing to the usurer Callicles. And, as they continued very clamorous, he told them the following tale :—“ A cowardly fellow once resolved to make a campaign; but when he was set out, the ravens began to croak, and he laid down his arms and stopped. When the first alarm was a little over, he resumed his march. The ravens, however, renewing their croaking, he made a full stop, and said, ‘ You may croak your hearts out if you please, but you shall never taste my carcase.’ ”

LII. Demosthenes, one of the orators of the adverse party, happened to observe, The Athenians will certainly kill thee, Pho-

cion, some time or other ;” he answered, “ They may kill me if they are mad ; but they will kill you if they are in their senses.”

LIII. Phocion’s friends one day blaming him for having appeared in behalf of a man whose conduct did not deserve it, he said, “ The good have no need of an advocate.”

LIV. The first person that brought the news of Alexander’s death to the Athenians was Asclepiades, the son of Hipparchus Demades desired the people to give no credit to it ; “ For, if Alexander were dead,” said he, “ the whole world would smell the carcase.”

LV. When Leosthenes* by his intrigues had involved Athens in the Samian war, and saw how much Phocion was displeased at it, he scoffingly asked him, "What good he had done his country during the many years that he was General?" "And dost thou think it nothing then," replied Phocion, "for the Athenians to be buried in the sepulchres of their ancestors?" As Leosthenes continued to harangue the people in the most arrogant and pompous manner, Phocion said, "Young man, your speeches are like cypress-trees, large and lofty, but without fruit."

LVI. Before Phocion received the fatal cup, one of his friends asked him, whether

* There were two of this name; the one alluded to in this instance, is Leosthenes who was killed by the blow of a stone, B. C. 323, when besieging the town of Lamia.

or not he had any commands to his son ;
“ Yes,” said he, “ by all means tell him
from me, to forget the ill treatment which
I have experienced from the Athenians.”*

When they all came to drink, the quantity
proved insufficient ; and the executioner re-
fused to prepare more, except he had twelve
drachmas† paid him, which was the price of
a full draught. As this occasioned a trou-
blesome delay, Phocion called one of his
friends, and said, “ Since one cannot die
gratis at Athens, give the man his money.”

* He died B. C. 318. His body was denied a funeral
by the ungrateful Athenians, and if it was at last in-
terred, it was by stealth, under a hearth, by a woman
who placed this inscription over his bones :—

*“ Keep inviolate, O sacred hearth, the precious remains
of a good man, till a better day restores them to the
monuments of their forefathers, when Athens shall be
delivered of her phrenzy and shall be more wise.”*

† A Grecian coin, value 7d. 3q. each.

LVII. When Cato was in his fourteenth year, seeing the heads of many illustrious personages carried out, and observing that the by-standers sighed in secret at these scenes of blood, he inquired of his preceptor "Why somebody did not kill that man?" "Because," he replied, "they fear him more than they hate him." "Why then," said Cato, "don't you give me a sword; that I may kill him, and deliver my country from slavery?" When Sarpedon heard this, and saw with what a stern and angry look he uttered it, he was greatly alarmed, and watched him narrowly afterward, to prevent his attempting some rash action.

LVIII. When one of Cato's friends said, "Cato, the world finds fault with your silence;" he answered, "No matter, so long as it does not find fault with my life."

LIX. When Cato's friends advised him to offer himself for the tribuneship, but he thought it was not yet time, he said, "He considered an office of such power and authority as a violent medicine, which ought not to be used except in cases of necessity."

LX. When Cato waited upon the three hundred, they thanked him, and assured him of their fidelity, adding, "That they hoped he would pity their weakness for they were not Catos." Cato thanked them, and advised them to intercede for themselves. "For me," said he, "intercede not." "It is for the conquered to turn suppliants, and for those who have done an injury to beg pardon, For my part, I have been unconquered throughout life, and superior in the thing in which I wished to be so; for in justice and honour I am Cæsar's superior."

Cæsar is the vanquished, the fallen man, being now clearly convicted of those designs against his country which he has long denied."

LXI. Cato bethinking himself of Statilius, called out aloud to Apollonides, and said, "Have you lowered the pride of that young man, and is he gone without bidding us farewell?" "No indeed," answered the philosopher, "we have taken a great deal of pains with him, but he continues as lofty and resolute as ever; he says he will stay, and certainly imitate your conduct." Cato smiled, and replied, "That will soon be seen."*

* Alluding to his intention of destroying himself rather than become a friend to the enemy of his country, or a suppliant captive to Cæsar.

LXII. As Agis was going to execution, he perceived one of the officers lamenting his fate with tears, upon which he said, "My friends dry up your tears; for as I suffer innocently, I am in a better condition than those who condemn me unjustly." So saying, he cheerfully offered his neck to the executioner.

LXIII. When Hortensius was engaged in a case for Verres, Cicero threw out several enigmatical hints against the former; and when he said, "He did not know how to solve riddles;" Cicero retorted, "That is somewhat strange, when you have a sphinx in your house."

LXIV. There was a person named Vatinus, an insolent orator, who paid very little respect to the Judges in his pleadings. It

happened that he had his neck full of scrophulous swellings. This man applied to Cicero about some business or other ; and as that Magistrate did not immediately comply with his request, but sat some time deliberating, he said, “ I could easily swallow such a thing, if I were Prætor :” upon which Cicero turned round, and replied, “ But I have not so large a throat.”

LXV. Cicero observed of Aristotle, “ That he was a river of flowing gold :” and of Plato’s dialogues, “ That, if Jupiter were to speak, he would speak as he did.”

LXVI. Cicero had succeeded in an encomium upon Marcus Crassus from the rostrum ; and a few days afterward as publicly reproached him. “ What !” said Crassus,

“ did you not lately praise me, in the place where you now stand ?” “ True,” answered Cicero, “ but I did it by way of experiment, to see what I could make of a bad subject.”

LXVII. When Philagrus, Metellus Nepos' preceptor, died, he buried him in a pompous manner, and placed the figure of a crow in marble on his monument.* “ This,” remarked Cicero, “ was one of the wisest things you ever did ; for your preceptor has taught you rather to fly than speak.”†

* It was usual among the antients to place emblematic figures upon the monuments of the dead ; and these were either such instruments as represented the profession of the deceased, or such animals as resembled them in disposition.

† Alluding to the celerity of his expeditions.

LXVIII. Faustus, the son of Sylla, the Dictator, who had proscribed great numbers of Romans, having run deeply into debt and wasted a considerable part of his estate, was obliged to put up public bills for the sale of it. Upon which Cicero said, "I like these bills much better than his father's."

LXIX. When Antigonus had determined on destroying Mithridates, he communicated it to Demetrius his son; having first made him swear to keep it secret. Demetrius was concerned at the affair; but though his friend waited upon him as usual, that they might pursue their diversions together, he durst not speak to him on the subject, because of his oath. By degrees, however, he drew him aside from the rest of his companions, and, when they were alone, he wrote on the ground with the point of his spear, "Fly, Mithridates."

LXX. When Lysimachus talked to Philpides one day in a most obliging manner, and said, "What is there of mine that you would share in?" "Any thing," said he, "but your secrets."

LXXI. Antigonus having learnt that Demetrius was indisposed, he went to see him, and at the door met one of his favourites going out. He entered, however, and sitting down by him, took hold of his hand. Demetrius said, "His fever had now left him." "I know it," said Antigonus, "for I met it this moment at the door."

LXXII. There was a young man in Egypt extremely desirous of the favours of a courtesan, named Thonis, but she set too high

a price upon them. He dreamed afterward that he enjoyed her, and his desire was satisfied. Thonis upon this commenced an action against him for the money ; and Borchoris having heard both parties ordered the man to count the gold that she demanded into a bason, and shake it about before her, that she might enjoy the sight of it. “ For fancy,” said he, “ is no more than the shadow of truth.” Lamia did not think this a just sentence ; “ because the woman’s desire of the gold was not removed by the sight of it, whereas the dream had cured her lover of his passion.”

LXXIII. An old woman was one day very troublesome to Demetrius in the street, and importunately begged to be heard. He said, “ He was not at leisure.” “ Then,” cried the old woman, “ you should not be a king.”

LXXIV. When Philotas was admitted to dine once with Antony's son by Fulvia, it happened that a physician at table had tired the company with his noise, when he silenced him with the following sophism :—" There are some degrees of a fever, in which cold water is good for a man :—every man, who has a fever, has it in some degree :—therefore cold water is good for every man in a fever."

LXXV. When Antony was distressed, because he was without his infantry, Cleopatra made a jest of it, and asked him, " if it was so dreadful a thing, that Cæsar was got into the ladle ?"

LXXVI. Cleopatra's death was so sudden, that though they who were sent ran the whole

way, alarmed the guards with their apprehensions, and immediately broke open the doors, they found her quite dead, in all her royal ornaments. Iras, one of her women lay dead at her feet; and Charmion with difficulty was adjusting her mistress's diadem. One of Cæsar's messengers angrily asked, "Charmion, was this well done?" "Perfectly well," she replied,* "and worthy a descendant of the kings of Egypt." Saying this, she expired.

LXXVII. When Dion considered that the

* We may fairly conclude that *well done* in this sentence implies *honestly, candidly* performed: because, Cæsar had assured Cleopatra of every honourable treatment by *promises*. His conduct in the triumph however clearly fixed the nature and extent of his assurances. But the *deceiver* was *deceived*, and Charmion justly replied, that it was "perfectly well" done.

irregularities of young Dionysius were chiefly owing to his want of education, he exhorted him earnestly to apply himself to study; and by all means to send for Plato, the prince of philosophers, into Sicily: "Upon his arrival," said he, "apply to him without loss of time. Conformed by his precepts to that divine exemplar of beauty and perfection, which called the universe from confusion into order, you will at once secure your own happiness, and that of your people. The obedience, which they now render you through fear, by your justice and moderation you will improve into a principle of filial duty; and, from a tyrant, you will become a king. Fear, and force, and fleets, and armies, are not, as your father called them, "the adamantine chains of government;" but that attention, that affection, that respect, which goodness ever draws after them. These are the milder, but at the same time

the stronger, bonds of empire. Besides, it is surely a disgrace for a prince, who in all the circumstances of figure and appearance is distinguished from the people, not to rise above them likewise in the superiority of his conversation and the cultivation of his mind, and to embellish the palace of his soul with royal furniture.”

LXXVIII. Plutarch compares (and a beautiful comparison it is) the soul to a winged chariot with two horses and a charioteer. One of the horses is mischievous and unruly, the other gentle and tractable. The charioteer is Reason : the unruly horse denotes the concupiscent, and the tractable one the irascible part.

LXXIX. Previous to the last and fatal

battle in which Brutus was engaged, Cassius, after conversing with his friend, asked him his resolution concerning flight and death? Brutus replied, “ In the younger and less experienced part of my life I was led, upon philosophical principles, to condemn the conduct of Cato in killing himself. I thought it at once impious and unmanly to sink beneath the stroke of fortune, and to refuse the lot that had befallen us. In my present situation, however, I am of a different opinion; so that if heaven should now be unfavourable to our wishes, I will no longer solicit my hopes or my fortune, but die contented with it, such as it is. On the ides of March I devoted my life to my country, and since that time I have lived in liberty and glory.”* At these words Cassius smiled,

* There is, one would think, a degree of inconsistency in the ideas and actions of Brutus. When uninfluenced

and embracing Brutus said, "Let us march then against the enemy; for with these resolutions, though we should not conquer, we have nothing to fear."

LXXX. When Fortune had declared for Antony, Brutus requested Volumnius to help him give the fatal thrust. Volumnius, as well as others, refused; and one of them observing that they must necessarily fly, "We must fly, indeed," said Brutus, rising hastily, "not however with our feet, but with our hands."

LXXXI. When Clearchus advised Cyrus

by the terrors of captivity and revenge (naturally to be expected from a man, whom they had so bitterly opposed) he condemns the conduct of Cato,—but no sooner do those presentiments take possession of his mind, than he embraces the very deed as a last and only resource.

to post himself behind the Macedonians,* and not risk his person, he is reported to have said, “ What advice is this, Clearchus; would you have me, at the very time I am aiming at a Crown, shew myself unworthy of one ?”

LXXXII. When Cleomenes desired to be appointed General of the Achæans, and to be associated with him in the care of the citadel of Corinth, Aratus answered, “ That he did not now govern affairs, but they governed him.”

LXXXIII. Philip, who opposed Aratus’ attempts to reconcile the Messenians, assembled the Magistrates in private, and asked

* It is related so in Plutarch, but we should read Lacedæmonians. It is the error of some transcriber.

them, “ Whether they had not laws to restrain the rabble ?” and, on the other, he asked the demagogues, “ Whether they had not hands to defend them against tyrants ?”

LXXXIV. When Thaurion, by the command of Philip, had given Aratus a dose not of a violent kind, but lingering though sure in its effects (for he feared to take him off suddenly), one of Aratus’ friends came to visit him in his chamber, and expressing his surprise at seeing him spit blood (for Aratus though conscious of his illness concealed it,) he said, “ Such, Cephalion, are the fruits of royal friendship.”

LXXXV. Once, when the soldiers began to murmur, and their complaints were brought to Galba, he said, “ That it was

his custom to choose, not to buy his soldiers."

LXXXVI. When Julius Atticus, a soldier of some note among the Guards, came up to Galba with his bloody sword, and crying out, that he had slain Cæsar's enemy, (meaning Otho) for a strong report prevailed to that effect, the Emperor, fixing his eye upon him, said, "Who gave you orders?" He answered, "My allegiance, and the oath which I had taken."*

LXXXVII. After the battle of Brodricum, the attachment of Otho's soldiers to

* Could the Protector attribute the depriving king Charles of his life to the same orders? If so Charles was not a martyr—if otherwise, Oliver and all his assistants were murderers.

their Emperor exceeds belief. One of the private men, drawing his sword, thus addressed himself to Otho:—"Learn, Cæsar, what your soldiers are ready to do for you," and immediately plunged the steel into his heart.

LXXXVIII. When Lysander was told, it did not become the descendants of Hercules to adopt such artful expedients as he was then using, he turned it off with a jest, and said; "Where the lion's skin falls short, it must be eked with that of the fox."

There is a saying likewise of Lysander's recorded by Androclides, which shows the little regard he had for oaths: "Children," he said, "were to be cheated with cockalls, and men with oaths."

LXXXIX. The Teutones approaching very near Marius's camp, on their way to Aquæ Sextiæ, asked the Romans by way of insult, "Whether they had any commands to their wives, for they should shortly be with them."

XC. Here Marius prepared for battle; having pitched upon a place for his camp, which was unexceptionable in point of strength, but afforded little water. By this circumstance he wished to excite the soldiers to action; and when many of them complained of thirst, he pointed to a river which ran close to the enemy's camp, and told them "That there they must purchase water with their blood." "Why then," said they "do you not immediately lead us thither, before our blood is quite parched up?" To which he replied, in a softer tone, "Thither I will lead you, but first let us fortify our camp."

XCI. Cyrus desired Lysander at an entertainment (provided on account of his going to take leave) not to refuse the marks of his regard, but to ask some favour of him: "As you are so very kind to me," said Lysander, "I beg you would add an obolus* to the seamen's pay, so that instead of three obolus a day they may have four." Cyrus charmed with this generous answer, made him a present of ten thousand pieces of gold.

XCII. Ephorus informs us that after Lysander's death, upon some disputes between the confederates and the Spartans, it was thought necessary to inspect his papers, and for that purpose Agesilaus went to his house. Among the rest he found that political one which was calculated to prove the

* Obolus, equal in value to 1d. 1q. $\frac{1}{6}$.

propriety of taking the right of succession from the Eurytionidæ and Agidæ, and of electing kings from among persons of the greatest merit. This he was going to produce before the citizens in order to shew what the real principles of Lysander were. But Lacratidas, a man of sense and principal of the Ephori, restrained him from it by representing, "How wrong it would be to dig Lysander out of his grave; when this oration, which was written in so artful and persuasive a manner, ought rather to be buried with him.

XCIH. When Cimon walked out, he used to have a number of young men well clothed: and if he happened to meet an aged citizen in a mean dress, he ordered some one of them to change clothes with him. This was great and noble. But

beside this, the same attendants carried with them a quantity of money ; and when they observed in the market place any necessitous person of tolerable appearance, they took care as privately as possible to slip some pieces into his hands.

Gorgias, the Leontine, gives him this character : “ He got riches to use them, and used them so as to be honoured on their account.” And Critias, one of the thirty tyrants, in his elegies thus expresses the utmost extent of his wishes ;—

“ The wealth of Scopas, heirs the soul of Cimon,

“ And the famed trophies of Agesilaus.

XCIV. When Archelaus, who had formerly commanded the king's forces in Bœotia, but was now come over to the Romans and fought for them, asserted,—

“ That if Lucullus would only make his appearance in Pontus, all would immediately fall before him ;” he said, “ He would not act in a more cowardly manner than hunters, nor pass the wild beasts by, and go to their empty dens.

XCV. Nicias defended himself all night at a small place called Polyzelium, and continued his march next day to the river Asinarus. The enemy galled his troops all the way, and when they came to the banks of the river, pushed them in. Nay, some, impatient to quench their burning thirst, voluntary plunged into the stream. Then followed a most cruel scene of blood and slaughter; the poor waetches being massacred, as they were drinking. At last Nicias threw himself at the feet of Gylippus, and said, “ Gylippus, you should shew some

compassion amidst your victory. I ask nothing for myself. What is life to a man, whose misfortunes are celebrated even to a proverb? But, with respect to the other Athenians; consider that the chance of war is uncertain; and remember with what humanity and moderation they treated you, when they were victorious."

XCVI. As Lucullus was about to cross the river, some of his officers admonished him to beware of that day, which was one of the inauspicious, or (as they call them) black ones to the Romans: for upon that day, Cæpio's army had been defeated by the Cimbri. Lucullus returned the memorable answer, "I will make this day too an auspicious one for Rome." It was the sixth of October.

XCVII. When Crassus was about to engage Spartacus, they brought him his horse, upon which, he drew his sword and killed him, saying at the same time, "If I prove victorious, I shall have horses at command; if I am defeated, I shall have no need of this."

XCVIII. Crassus, pursuing his journey, came to Brundusium; and though the winter storms made the voyage dangerous, he put to sea, and lost many vessels in his passage. As soon as he had collected the rest of his troops, he continued his route by land through Galatia. He there paid his respects to Deiotarus, who though an old man was building a new city. Crassus laughed, and said, "You begin to build at the twelfth hour of the day!" The king laughed in his turn, and replied, "You do

not set out, general, very early in the morning against the Parthians !" Crassus indeed was then above sixty years of age, and he looked much older than he really was.

XCIX. Sertorius after his conquest over the troops of Afranius, the next morning again took the field ; but perceiving that Metellus was at hand, he drew off and decamped. He did it, however, with an air of gaiety ; " If that old woman (said he) had not been here, I would have flogged the boy well, and sent him back to Rome."

C. The sacred band, it is said, remained undefeated till the battle of Cheronæa ; and when Phillip, after the fight, took a view of the slain, and came to the place where the three hundred, who with their light arms

had encountered the files of his phalanx, lay heaped together, and on expressing his surprise, was told that it was ‘the band of Friends;’ he exclaimed with tears, “May a curse light upon those, who suspect that such brave men could ever do or suffer a shameful thing!”

CI. When Pelopidas was informed, that the tyrant was advancing toward him with a large army; “So much the better,” said he, “for we shall beat so many the more.”

CII. Posidonius tell us, that Fabius was called ‘the shield,’ and Marcellus ‘the sword:’ but Annibal himself said, “He stood in fear of Fabius as his schoolmaster, and of Marcellus as his adversary; for he

received hurt from the latter, and by the former was prevented doing hurt himself."

CIII. Epaminondas called the plains of Bœotia, 'the orchestra of Mars,' and Xenophon Ephesus, 'the arsenal of war.'

CIV. Marcellus having miscarried in a battle with Annibal through an unseasonable movement, the following morning he hung out early the scarlet robe which was the ordinary signal for battle; and ranged his troops in proper order. When this was reported to Annibal, he exclaimed; "Ye gods, what can one do with a person, who is not affected with either good or bad fortune? This is the only man who will neither give any time to rest when he is victorious, nor take any when he is beaten. We must even

resolve to fight with him for ever ; since, whether prosperous or unsuccessful, a principle of confidence, or of shame, equally impels him to new attempts and farther exertions of courage.”

CV. When Aristides sat as judge between two private persons, and one of them observed, “ That his adversary had done many injuries to Aristides :” “ Tell me not that,” said he, “ but what injury he has done to you ; for it is your cause which I am judging, not my own.”

CVI. When King Eumenes came to Rome, the Senate received him with extraordinary respect ; but Cato visibly neglected and shunned him. Upon which somebody inquired, “ Why do you shun Eumenes,

who is so good a man, and so great a friend to the Romans?" "That may be," answered Cato, "but I look upon a king as a creature that feeds on human flesh; and of all the kings that have been so much celebrated, I find not one to be compared with an Epaminondas, a Pericles, or a Themistocles."

CVII. A tribune of the people, who had the character of a poisoner, proposing a bad law, and strenuously exerting himself to get it passed, Cato said to him, "Young man, I know not whether it is the most dangerous; to drink what you mix, or to enact what you propose."

CVIII. When Antiochus' ambassadors represented to the Achæans how numerous the king's forces were, and, to make them

appear still more so, reckoned them up by all their different names ; “ I supped once,” said Flaminius, “ with a friend, and upon my complaining of the number of dishes, and expressing my wonder how he could furnish his table with such an immense variety ; ‘ Be not uneasy about that,’ said my friend, ‘ for it is all hogs’ flesh, and the difference is only in the dressing and the sauce.’ ”

CIX. One day Themistocles happening to observe, “ That he looked upon it as the principal virtue of a general, to know and foresee the designs of the enemy ;” Aristides replied, “ That is indeed a necessary qualification, but there is another very excellent one, and really becoming a general, and that is—to have clean hands.”

CX. Cato the Censor used to say, that “the soul of a lover lived in the body of another:” and that, “In all his life he had never repented but of three things; the first, that he had trusted a woman with a secret; the second, that he had gone by sea, when he might have gone by land; and the third, that he had passed one day without having a will by him.”

CXI. To some individuals who expressed their wonder that, while so many persons of little note had their statues, Cato had none, he replied; “He had much rather it should be asked, why he had not a statue than why he had one.”

CXII. Antigonus having gained a certain victory, to try his Macedonian officers, de-

manded of them, "Why they had led on the cavalry, before he had given them the signal?" By way of apology, they said, "They were obliged against their will to come to action, because a young man of Megalopolis had begun the attack too soon." "That young man," replied Antigonus smiling, "has performed the office of an experienced general."

CXIII. Aristænetus, the Megalopolitan, who had great interest among the Achæans, but always courted the Romans, declared it in council as his opinion, "That they ought not to be opposed or disobliged in any thing." Philopœmen heard him with silent indignation; and at last, when he could refrain no longer, exclaimed, "And why in such haste, wretched man, to see an end of Greece?"

CXIV. Livy writes, that Annibal after his final defeat, having poison in readiness, mixed it for a draught, and taking the cup in his hand, "Let us deliver the Romans," said he, "from their anxieties, since they think it too tedious and dangerous to wait for the death of a poor hated old man. Yet shall not Titus gain a conquest worth envying, or suitable to the generous proceedings of his ancestors, who sent to caution Pyrrhus, though a victorious enemy, against the poison that was prepared for him."

CXV. Fabricius being consul, an unknown person came to his camp with a letter from the king's physician, who offered to take off Pyrrhus by poison, and so put an end to the war without any further hazard to the Romans, provided that they gave him

a proper compensation for his services. Fabricius detested the fellow's villany ; and having brought his colleague into the same sentiments, instantly sent despatches to Pyrrhus to caution him against the treason. The letter ran thus :—

“ Caius Fabricius and Quintus Æmilius,
consuls, to king Pyrrhus, health.

“ It appears that you judge very ill both of your friends, and of your enemies. For you will find by this letter, which was sent to us, that you are at war with men of virtue and honour, and trust knaves and villains. Neither is it out of kindness, that we give you this information ; but we do it lest your death should bring a disgrace upon us, and we should seem to have put a period to the war by treachery, when we could not do it by valour.”

CXVI. As soon as Pyrrhus set foot in Laconia, he began to plunder and ravage it. And upon the ambassadors representing that he had commenced hostilities without a previous declaration of war, he said ; “ And do we not know, that you Spartans never declare beforehand what measures you are going to take ? ” to which a Spartan named Mandricidas, who was in company, replied in his Laconic dialect ; “ If thou art a god, thou wilt do us no harm, because we have done thee none : if thou art a man, perhaps we may find a better man than thyself.”

CXVII. Eurybiades, on account of the dignity of Sparta, had the command of the fleet ; but, as he was apprehensive of the danger, he proposed to set sail for the Isthmus, and fix his station near the Peloponesian army. Themistocles, however,

opposed it ; and the account, which we have of the conference upon that occasion, deserves to be here inserted. When Eurybiades said, “ Don’t you know Themistocles, that in the public games such as rise up before their turn, are chastised for it ? ” “ Yes,” answered Themistocles, “ yet those who are left behind, never gain the crown.” Eurybiades upon this lifting up his staff, as if he intended to strike him, Themistocles said, “ Strike, but hear me.” The Lacedæmonian, admiring his command of temper, bade him speak what he had to say : and Themistocles was leading him back to the subject, when one of the officers thus interrupted him ; “ It ill becomes you, who have no city, to advise us to quit our habitations, and abandon our country.” Upon which Themistocles retorted thus ; “ Wretch that thou art, we have indeed left our walls and houses, not choosing for the sake of those inanimate

things to become slaves ; yet we have still the most respectable city of Greece in these two hundred ships, which are here ready to defend you, if you will give them leave. But if you betray us a second time, Greece shall soon find the Athenians possessed of as free a city, and as valuable a country as that which they have quitted." Having finished, a certain Eretrian attempted to speak, when Themistocles exclaimed,—
“What have you too something to say about war, who are like the fish that has a sword, but no heart?”

CXVIII. Themistocles used to say, “The Athenians paid him no honour or sincere respect : but when a storm arose, or danger appeared, they sheltered themselves under him, as under a plain tree ; which, when the weather was fair again, they would rob of its leaves and branches.”

CXIX. An officer, who thought he had done the state some service, setting himself up against Themistocles and venturing to compare their exploits, he answered him with this fable : “ There once happened a dispute between the feast-day, and the day after the feast, Said the day after the feast, I am full of bustle and trouble ; whereas, with you, folks enjoy at their ease every thing ready provided. You say right, replied the feast-day, but if I had not been before you, you would not have been at all. So, had it not been for me then, where would you have been now ?”

CXX. Two citizens courting Themistocles' daughter, he preferred the worthy man to the wealthy one, and assigned as his reason ; “ He had rather she should have a man without money, than money without a man.”

CXXI. Themistocles replied to king Arimanius, upon being requested by him to declare freely whatever he had to propose concerning Greece, "That a man's discourse was like a piece of tapestry, which when spread open displays its figures, but when folded up, conceals and obscures them ; and therefore he begged time."

CXXII. The schoolmaster of the public school at Falerii, having at last got all the boys together, brought them to the Roman advanced guard, and delivered them up to be carried to Camillus. When he came into his presence, he told him, "He was the schoolmaster and tutor of Falerii ; but, preferring the favour of Camillus to the obligations of duty, he came to surrender to him those children, and in them the whole city." This action appeared to Camillus most in-

famous, and he said to those who were present, "War at best is a savage thing, and is transacted with much violence and injustice; yet even war itself has its laws, from which men of honour will not depart; neither do they so pursue victory, as to avail themselves of acts of villany and baseness. For a great general should rely only upon his own virtue, and not upon the treachery of others." He then ordered the lictors to tear off the man's clothes, to tie his hands behind him, and to furnish the boys with rods and scourges to punish the traitor, and whip him into the city.

CXXIII. When Sophocles, who was joined in command with Pericles upon a naval expedition, happened to praise the beauty of a certain boy, he said, "A general, my friend, should not only have pure hands, but pure eyes."

CXXIV. When Archidamus, one of the kings of Lacedæmon, asked Thucydides, "Which was the best wrestler, Pericles or he?" he replied, "When I throw him, he says he was never down, and he persuades the very spectators to believe him."

CXXV. It is said, that when ambassadors from Lacedæmon came upon a certain occasion to Athens, Pericles pretended there was a law which forbade the taking down of any tablet upon which a decree of the people was written: "Then," said Polyarces, one of the ambassadors, "dont take it down, but turn the other side outward; there is no law against that."

CXXVI. On the eve of a certain sea expedition, when all was ready, an eclipse of

the sun took place, Pericles observing that the pilot was much astonished and perplexed, took his cloak, and having covered his eyes with it asked him, "If he found any thing terrible in that, or considered it as an alarming presage?" Upon his answering in the negative, "Where then is the difference," he said, "between this and the other, except that something bigger than my cloak causes the eclipse."

CXXVII. When Pericles was at the point of death, his surviving friends, and the principal citizens sitting about his bed, discoursed together concerning his extraordinary virtue, and many noble exploits, supposing that he paid no attention to what they said, but that his senses were gone. He took notice, however, of every word which they had spoken, and audibly ob-

served ; “ I am surprised, while you commemorate and extol these acts of mine, though fortune had her share in them, and many other generals have performed the like : that you take no notice of the greatest and most honourable part of my character, viz. that no Athenian through my means ever put on mourning.”

CXXVIII. Fabius Maximus always encamped on the mountains, and sought by length of time to waste Annibal's vigour, and gradually to destroy him by means of his superiority in men and money. These dilatory proceedings exposed him to contempt, and Annibal alone was sensible of the keenness of Fabius, and of the manner in which he intended to carry on the war.

Minutius, general of his horse, inquired

of Fabius's friends, "Whether he intended taking his army up into heaven, as he had bid adieu to the world below ; or sought to screen himself from the enemy by clouds and fogs ?" When the dictator's friends brought him an account of these aspersions, and exhorted him to wipe them off by risking a battle ; "In that case," said he, "I should be of a more dastardly spirit than they represent me, if through fear of insults and reproaches, I should abandon my fixed resolution. But to fear for my country is no disgraceful fear. That man is unworthy of a command like mine, who shrinks under calumnies and slanders, and complies with the humour of those whom he ought to govern, and whose inconsiderate rashness it is his duty to restrain."

CXXIX. Annibal, as he was drawing off,

in an engagement with Minutius, who being overpowered was assisted by Fabius, is reported to have said smartly to those that were by ; “ Did I not often tell you, that this cloud would one day burst upon us from the mountains, with all the fury of a tempest ?”

CXXX. When Alcibiades was past his childhood, happening to go into a grammar school, he asked the master for a volume of Homer ; and upon his answering that he had nothing of Homer’s, he gave him a box on the ear, and left him. Another schoolmaster telling him, that he had a Homer corrected by himself ? “ How !” said Alcibiades, and do you employ your time in teaching children to read ? You, who are able to correct Homer, might seem to be fit to instruct men.”

CXXXI. Thucydides has omitted the names of Alcibiades' accusers of his sacrilegious behaviour with respect to the mysteries, but others mention Diocliides and Teucer. So Phrynicus, the comic poet :—*

Good Hermes, pray beware a fall ; nor break
Thy marble nose, lest some false Diocliides
Once more his shafts in fatal poison drench.

MERE.—I will ; nor e'er again shall that informer
Teucer, that faithless stranger, boast from me
Rewards for perjury.

CXXXII. After the battle, in which Mindarus, one of the Lacedæmonian Generals, was slain, the following letter was intercepted, which, in the truly laconic style, was to give the Ephori an account of their misfortune—" Our glory is faded. Mindarus is slain. Our soldiers are starving ; and we know not what step to take."

* Phrynicus was the first who introduced female characters on the stage.

CXXXIII. When Alcibiades was concealed at Thurii,* some person knowing him, said, "Will you not then trust your country?" he answered, "As to any thing else, I will trust her; but with my life I would not trust even my mother, lest she should mistake a black bean for a white one."

CXXXIV. "It was a shrewd saying, whoever said it," says Plutarch, "That the man who first ruined the Roman people, was he who first gave them treats and gratuities."

CXXXV. Coriolanus, after his sentence, putting himself in such clothes and habits as were most likely to prevent his being known, like Ulysses—

He stole into the hostile town.

It was evening when he entered; and, though

* Thuriae - ii or ium, a town of Lucania in Italy, near the ruins of Sybaris.

many people met him in the streets, not one of them knew him. He passed therefore on to the house of Tullus, where he got in undiscovered ; and having directly made up to the fire-place, he seated himself without saying a word, covering his face and remaining in a composed posture. The people of the house were much surprised, yet they did not venture to disturb him, for there was something of dignity both in his person and silence ; but they went and related the strange adventure to Tullus, who was then at supper. Tullus upon this arose from table, and coming up to Coriolanus, asked him, “ Who he was, and upon what business he was come !” Coriolanus uncovering his face paused awhile, and then said, “ If thou dost not yet know me, Tullus, but mistrustest thine eyes, I must of necessity be my own accuser—I am Caius Marcius, who have brought so many calamities upon the Volsci ; and I bear the

additional name of Coriolanus, which would not suffer me, were I so inclined, to deny that imputation. For all the labours and dangers which I have undergone, I have no other reward left me but that appellation, which distinguished my enmity to your nation, and which cannot indeed be taken from me. Of every thing else I am deprived by the envy and outrage of the people on the one hand, and by the cowardice and treachery of the Magistrates and those of my own order on the other. Thus driven out an exile, I am come a suppliant to your household gods; not for shelter and protection (for why should I come hither, if I were afraid of death ?) but for vengeance against those who have expelled me, which I already seem to begin to take, by putting myself into your hands. If therefore you are disposed to attack the enemy, come on brave Tullus, avail yourself of my misfortunes; let my personal distress be the com-

mon happiness of the Volsci. You may be assured, I shall fight much better for you, than I have fought against you ; because they who know perfectly the state of the enemy's affairs, are much more capable of annoying them, than such as do not know them. But if you have given up all thoughts of war, I neither desire to live, nor is it proper for you to preserve a person who of old has been your enemy in the field, and now is not able to render you any kind of service."*

CXXXVI. The answer which Aristides, the Locrian, one of Plato's intimate friends, gave to Dionysius the elder, when he demanded one of his daughters in marriage,

* His history and fate are too familiar to need any observation—suffice it to say, he was honourably and hospitably entertained by Tullus.

was to this effect :—" I had rather see the virgin in her grave, than in the palace of a tyrant." And when Dionysius soon afterward put his son to death, and then insolently asked him, " What he now thought, as to the disposal of his daughter?" I am sorry," said he, " for what you have done, but I do not repent of what I have said."

CXXXVII. On a certain occasion the Carthaginians despatched an ambassador to Taurominium, who represented the affair in question at large to Andromachus, insisting with much insolence that he should immediately turn the Corinthians out of his town; and at last showing him his hand with the palm upward, and then turning it down again, told him, " If he did not comply with that condition, the Carthaginians would overturn his city, just as he had turned his

hand." Andromachus only smiled, and without making him any other answer stretched out his hand, first with one side up and then the other, and bade him " Begone directly, if he did not choose to have his ship turned upside down in the same manner."

CXXXVIII. Some one who had a mind to be arch, and to make merry with Dionysius, shook his robe when he entered his apartment, as is usual when persons approach a tyrant; and he, quickly returning the jest, bade him "do the same when he went out, that he might not carry off any of the moveables."

CXXXIX. When Alexander asked Eumenes to lend him three hundred talents, he offered him only one hundred, assuring him

that he should find it difficult to collect that sum by his stewards. Alexander refused the offer, but did not complain. He ordered his servants however privately to set fire to Eumenes' tent, that he might be forced to carry out his money, and thus be openly convicted of a falsehood.

CXL. When those who took the charge of Eumenes, asked, "In what manner Antigonus would have him guarded?" he replied, "As you would guard an elephant, or a lion."

CXLI. One day, we are told, Eumenes asked his keeper Onomarchus; "Why Antigonus, now that he had gotten his enemy into his power, did not either immediately despatch, or generously release

him ?” Onomarchus contemptuously observed, “That in the battle, and not in prison, he should have been ready to meet death.” To which Eumenes replied, “By heaven I was so. Ask those, who ventured to engage me, if I was not. I do not know that I met with a better man than myself.” “Well,” said Onomarchus, “now that you have found a better man than yourself, why do not you patiently wait his time ?”

CLXII. One day Megabates approached to salute Agesilaus who declined that mark of his affection. The youth, after this was more distant in his addresses. Agesilaus was then sorry for the repulse which he had given him, and affected to wonder why Megabates kept at such a distance. His friends told him, he must blame himself for having rejected his former application : “He

would still," they added, "be glad to pay his most obliging respects to you ; but take care you do not reject them again." Agesilaus was silent for some time ; and when he had considered the thing, said, "Do not mention it to him : for this second victory over myself gives me more pleasure, than I should have in turning the whole of what I see to gold."

CLXIII. At a conference between Pharnabazus and Agesilaus, the former in reply to certain observations of the latter, explained himself in these terms ; "If the king send another lieutenant in my room, I will come over to you ; but while he continues me in the government, I will to the best of my power repel force to force, and make reprisals for him upon you." Charmed with

this reply Agesilaus took his hand, and rising up with him said, "Heaven grant that, with such sentiments as these, you may be our friend and not our enemy!"

CLXIV. As the Persian money had the impression of an archer, Agesilaus said, "He was driven out of Asia by ten thousand of the king's archers." For the orators of Athens and Thebes, having been bribed with so many pieces of money, had excited their countrymen to take up arms against Sparta.

CLXV. After the battle in which Domitius was slain, Pompey on his return to Rome, demanded a triumph, but was opposed by Sylla. Not in the least intimidated however, he bade him consider, "That

more worship the rising than the setting sun." Sylla did not well hear what he said, but perceiving by the looks and gestures of the company that they were struck with the expression, he asked what it was; and when he was informed, in admiration of Pompey's spirit he cried out, "Let him triumph! Let him triumph!"

CLXVI. Menecrates the physician, having succeeded in some desperate cases, got the surname of Jupiter. And he was so vain of the appellation, as to adopt it in a letter to the king: "Menecrates Jupiter to king Agesilaus, health." The reply began thus: "King Agesilaus to Menecrates, sanity."

CLXVII. Antalcidas, Agesilaus' enemy, upon a certain occasion delivered up to the

king of Persia those cities for whose liberty Agesilaus had fought. Nevertheless, when he was told, "the Lacedæmonians were turning Medes;" he replied, "No, the Medes are turning Lacedæmonians."

CXLVIII. Antalcidas, one day, seeing Agesilaus come off wounded, thus said to him; "The Thebans pay you well for teaching them to fight, when they had neither inclination nor skill for it."

CXLIX. An Argive said to a Spartan, "Many of you sleep on the plains of Argos;" to which the other retorted, "But not one of you sleep on the plains of Lacedæmon."

CL. When Nectanabis, in order to en-

courage Agesilaus, represented to him, that though the numbers of the enemy were considerable, they were a mixed multitude, many of them mechanics, who were to be despised for their utter ignorance of war: "It is not their numbers," said Agesilaus, "that I fear, but that ignorance and inexperience, which render them incapable of being encountered by art or stratagem; for those can be successfully exercised only upon such as, having skill enough to suspect the designs of their enemy, form schemes to countermine him, and in the mean time are caught by new contrivances. But he, who has neither expectation nor suspicion of that kind, gives his adversary no more opportunity, than he who stands still gives to a wrestler."

CLI. We are told that Flora the courtesan

took a pleasure, in her old age, in speaking of the commerce she had had with Pompey ; and she used to say, she could never quit his embraces without giving him a bite.

CLII. Pompey being informed that his soldiers committed great disorders in their excursions, he sealed up their swords, and if any of them broke the seal, he took care to have them punished.

CLIII. It was the custom for a Roman knight, when he had served the time prescribed by law, to lead his horse into the forum, before the two magistrates called censors ; and after having given an account of the generals under whom he served, and of his own action in them, to demand his discharge. Upon these occasions, they

received marks of honour or disgrace according to their behaviour. On one of these review-days Gellius and Lentules were censors, and had taken their seats in a manner that became their dignity. Pompey was seen at a distance, with all the badges of his office as consul, leading his horse by the bridle. As soon as he was near enough to be observed by the censors, he ordered his lictors to make an opening, and advanced with his horse in hand to the foot of the tribunal. The people were struck with admiration, and a profound silence took place : at the same time a joy, mingled with reverence, was visible in the countenances of the censors, the elder of whom addressed him as follows ; “ Pompey the Great, I demand of you, whether or not, you have served all the campaigns required by law ?” With a loud voice he replied, “ I have served them all ; and all under myself as

generallissimo." The people were so charmed with this answer, that there was no end of their acclamations ; and the censors at last conducted him home, to indulge the multitude, who followed him with the loudest plaudits.

CLIV. Some pirates in the time of Pompey, when they had taken a prisoner, and he cried out that he was a Roman and told them his name, they pretended to be struck with terror, smote their thighs, and fell upon their knees to beg his pardon. The poor man, seeing them thus humble in their entreaties, thought them in earnest, and said he would forgive them, for some were so officious as to put on his shoes, and others to help him on with his gown, that his quality might not again be mistaken. When

they had carried on this farce, and enjoyed it for some time, they let a ladder down into the sea, and bade him "Go in peace;" and when he refused to do it, they pushed him off the deck and drowned him.

CLV. The whole care of providing and importing corn being committed to Pompey, he dispatched his deputies into various parts, and went in person into Sicily, Sardinia, and Africa, where he collected immense quantities. When he was upon the point of re-embarking, a violent wind sprung up, and the mariners made a difficulty of putting to sea; but he was the first to go on board, and he ordered them to weigh anchor in these decisive words: "It is necessary to go; it is not necessary to live." His success answered his intrepidity."

CLVI. Pompey being declared sole Consul by the Interrex, Sulpitius* made his compliments to Cato, acknowledged himself much indebted to him for his support, and desired his private advice as to the measures to be pursued in his administration. Cato replied, "That Pompey was not under the least obligation to him; for what he had said was not out of regard to him, but to his country. If you apply to me," continued he, "I shall give you my advice in private; if not, I shall take care to inform you of my sentiments in public."

CLVII. One day a dispute had arisen at table about the seasons, and the temperature of the climate. Callisthenes agreed with those who asserted that the country they

* Sulpitius, or Sulpicius.

were then in was much colder, and had winters more severe than Greece. Anaxarchus, with great obstinacy, maintained the contrary. Upon which Callisthenes said, "You must indeed admit, my friend, that this is much the colder, for there you wore but one cloak in winter, and here you cannot sit at table without three housing-coverlets one over another." This stroke went to Anaxarchus' heart,

CLVIII. When Pompey's friends said, that if Cæsar should advance in a hostile manner against Rome, they did not see what forces they had to oppose him, with an open and smiling countenance he bade them give themselves no pain; "For if," said he, "I do but stamp upon the ground

in any part of Italy, both infantry and cavalry will instantly spring up.”

CLIX. After the battle of Pharsalia, when Pompey had embraced and heard Cornelia's speech, he replied, “Till this moment, Cornelia, you have experienced nothing but the smiles of fortune; and it was she who deceived you, because she stayed with me longer than she commonly does with her favourites. But, fated as we are, we must bear this reverse, and make another trial of her. For it is not more improbable that we may emerge from this poor condition, and again rise to great things, than it was that we should fall from great things into this poor condition.”

CLX. In taking leave of Cornelia, pre-

vious to his visit to Ptolemy, Pompey repeated this memorable verse of Sophocles,

“ Seeks't thou a tyrant's door? then farewell,
freedom !

Though free as air before.

These were the last words he spoke to her.

CLXI. The murderers of Pompey, having cut off his head, threw the body out of the boat, naked, and left it exposed to all who were desirous of such a sight. Philip stayed till the curiosity was satisfied, and having washed the body, collected the planks of a wrecked boat and laid them together. While thus engaged, an old Roman, who had made some of his first campaigns under Pompey, came up, and said to Philip, “ Who are you, that are preparing the funeral of Pompey the great?” Philip answered, “ I am his freed-man.” “ But you shall not,” said the old

Roman, “ monopolise this honour. As a work of piety offers itself, let me have a share in it, that I may not absolutely repent my having passed so many years in a foreign country; but, to compensate my numerous misfortunes, may have the consolation of doing some of the last honours to the greatest general Rome ever produced.” In this humble manner was conducted the humbler funeral of Pompey.

CLXII. On a certain occasion the Lacedæmonians were much perplexed respecting the putting into execution the punishment generally used against those who had fled from battle. But the offenders were so many, and the commonwealth had so much occasion for soldiers that such a step would have been both impolitic and dangerous.

In this dilemma they had recourse to Agesilaus, and invested him with new powers of legislation. But he, without making any addition, retrenchment, or change, went into the assembly, and told the Lacedæmonians, "The laws should sleep that day, and the day following resume their authority for ever."

CLXIII. When Alexander was in Asia, and received information that Aristotle had published some books explanatory of certain points in the acroamatic* and eoptic sciences, he wrote him a letter in behalf of philosophy, in which he blamed the proceeding. The following is a copy of it:—

"Alexander to Aristotle, prosperity. You

* Acroamatic, from the Greek, signifies deep learning.

did wrong in publishing the acroamatic parts of science. In what shall we differ from others, if the sublimer knowledge, which we gained from you, be disclosed to all the world. For my part, I had rather excel the bulk of mankind in the superior parts of learning, than in the extent of dominion and power. Farewell.”

CLIV. Alexander averred he had no less affection for Aristotle, than for his own father ; “ From the one he derived the blessings of life, from the other the blessings of a good life.”

CLXV. When Alexander received intelligence that the Thebans had revolted, and that the Athenians had adopted the

same sentiments, he resolved to convince them he was no longer a boy, and immediately advanced through the pass of Thermopylæ. "Demosthenes," said he, "called me a boy, while I was in Illyricum and among the Triballi, and a stripling when in Thessaly : but I will show him, before the walls of Athens, that I am a man."

CLXVI. When Alexander was on the point of setting out upon his expedition, he had many signs from the divine powers. Among the rest, the statue of Orpheus in Libethra, which was made of cypress wood, was in a profuse sweat for several days. This the generality apprehended to be an ill presage ; but Aristander bade them dismiss their fears : "It signified," he said, "that Alexander would perform actions so worthy

to be celebrated, that they would cost the poets and musicians much labour and sweat.”

CLXVII. When Parmenio objected to Alexander's attempting a passage over the Granicus so late in the day, he replied ; “ The Hellespont would blush, if after having passed it, he should be afraid of the Granicus.”

CLXVIII. Alexander used to say, “ That sleep, and the commerce with the sex, were the things that made him most sensible of his mortality.” For he considered both weariness and pleasure, as the natural effects of our infirmity.

CLXIX. A casket being one day brought

to Alexander, which appeared one of the most valuable things among the treasures and the whole equipage of Darius, he asked his friends, what they thought most worthy to be put in it? Different things were proposed by each, but he himself said, "That he should deposit and preserve the Iliad in it." This particular is mentioned by several writers of credit.

CLXX. When Parmenio and the oldest of Alexander's friends beheld the whole plain between Niphates and the Gordæn mountains illumined with the torches of the barbarians, and heard the appalling noise from their camp, like the bellows of an immense sea, they observed among themselves how arduous an enterprise it would be to meet such a torrent of war in open day. They waited upon the king therefore after

he had finished the sacrifice, and advised him to attack the enemy in the night when darkness would hide what was most dreadful in the combat: upon which, he returned them the celebrated answer, "I will not steal a victory."

CLXXI. Ariston, who commanded the Pœnians, having killed one of the enemy and cut off his head, laid it at Alexander's feet, and said, "Among us, Sir, such a present is rewarded with a golden cup." The king with a smile replied, "An empty one, I suppose; but I will give you one full of good wine, and I drink out of it your health into the bargain."

CLXXII. Alexander had given nothing to Scrapion, one of the youths that played

with him at ball, because he asked nothing. One day, when they were at their diversion, Scrapion took care always to throw the ball to others of the party ; upon which Alexander said, “ Why don’t you give it to me ? ” “ Because you did not ask for it,” said the youth. This repartee pleased the king exceedingly : and he made him very valuable presents.

CLXXIII. In Africa, Scipio having taken one of Cæsar’s ships, on board of which was Granius Petronices lately appointed quæstor, put the rest to the sword, but told the quæstor, “ He gave him quarter.” Petronius answered, “ It is not the custom of Cæsar’s soldiers to receive, but to give quarter,” and immediately plunged his sword into his own breast.

FRAGMENTS

BY THE AUTHOR.



“ O that my power
Could lacky or keep wing with my desires ;
That, with unused poise of style and sense,
I might weigh massy in judicious scale !
Yet here's the prop that doth support my hopes :
When my scenes faulter, or invention halts,
Your favour will give crutches to my faults.”

MARSTON.—

FRAGMENTS.



A DREAM.



How lovely is it to behold
The snowy curtain of the west,
Transparent as a virgin vest,
And border'd with a lively gold !
How beautiful the blood-red eye
Of day illumining the sky ;
Half hid beneath her cloudy pillow,
Or resting on the glassy billow ;
But, ere the misty curtain fell,
Ere ceas'd to charm the glowing spell,
She linger'd on the sparkling main,
With promises to shine again.

The sea-mew stays her restless flight,
And nestles on the rocky height ;

The lark, secure beneath her wing,
Forgets that she has power to sing :
No zephyr bends the slightest brake,
Nor heaves the bosom of the lake,
Upon whose surface, mirror bright,
Reflected, peeps a second night :
A second, calm, cerulean sky,
Smiling on Nature's lullaby.

A few short years had roll'd between,
Yet still, remembrance was green ;
Time and the past had glided by,
But there was left—the memory ;
That frugal miser of the mind—
That bitter poison of mankind.
A garden, where the seeds of ill
Are left to flourish, at their will—
Are left to flourish, till they grow
The evergreens of bitter woe :
Nor care, nor toil are needed there,
But sow the seed, the tree will bear.

Now all was silent, all was still,
The goat repos'd on Snowdon's hill ;

The cock had hous'd her in the fern,
In osier covert slept the hern ;
The sheep were huddled in the pen,
And all was quiet in the fen.
Beneath, with mossy weeds o'ergrown,
Deep fix'd in earth a mossy stone,
Projecting, rear'd its ragged head
Above the calm translucent bed ;
The snaky wild thorn circling round
Profusely, trail'd along the ground ;
And, dangling o'er the depth below,
O'er-arching hung the tree of woe.

There, in that rural wild alcove,
Were pledged the vows of early love.
Conrad's enthusiastic soul,
Disdainful of a mean controul,
Had there pronounc'd in friendship's name
To cherish and preserve the flame.

“ Witness, ye restless lamps,” he cried,
“ Now Julia, swear to be my bride ;
“ Fate and a parent's stern command
“ Compel me to forsake my land—

“ O ask not why—I dare not stay—
“ The morn must hail me far away ;
“ Few are the friendly moments given,
“ Then let us kneel and swear to Heaven.”

“ O Conrad ! thou hast torn my heart—
“ Too soon for lovers yet to part ;—
“ Say, whither must thy Julia flee ?
“ A prey to hope, and lost to thee.”

On Conrad then she fix'd her eye
In supplicating agony :
She spoke not, mov'd not, but a sigh
Betray'd the heart's fidelity.
He fondly clasp'd her in his arms
In all the wildness of her charms ;
He press'd her to his aching breast—
A silent tear proclaim'd the rest.

“ Appease thy anguish—cease to mourn,
“ Thy Conrad, love, will soon return ;
“ My bark is waiting on the main—
“ I must—we soon shall meet again”—

“ Again !—if there be ought above—
“ There—only there—may Julia love.”

They swear—the sacred promise flies,
Seal'd with an oath, beyond the skies.

There is within a secret power,
Felt only in the trying hour
The hope beyond—the fear below—
The bitter doubt—the pang of woe—
The pallid hue—the haggard eye,
Bespeak an outward misery.
But there's a more than mortal spell
Attendant on the last farewell ;
Within, within, the cruel strife,
The mastery for death or life !

If there be ought of human bliss
In the last ling'ring final kiss ;
If the high-gifted mind can trace
A gleam of joy in that embrace,
When the swoln heart o'ercharg'd with grief,
Enjoys a short, tho' sweet relief ;
When fate suspends the trembling scale,
And hope and anguish each prevail ;
It is when love and virtue meet
To supplicate at honour's feet.

From the deep, dank, and mossy bed,
The maiden rose—her prayer was said.
She dash'd away the dewy tear,
As the last accents caught her ear—
“ Ere thrice yon silver moon doth shine,
“ In life or death, thou shalt be mine.”

Conrad—but Conrad he was gone !
And Julia—she was left alone !

REMEMBER THEE.

O YES ! I will ever remember thee
When wafted on the still green sea ;
When in fields, where I delight to roam,
My thoughts shall return them to their home ;
For the pleasures of Memory are sweet to me,
And I will for ever remember thee.
Tho' the Spring of my passion is long gone by,
The Summer of Hope is stealing nigh ;
And the blossoms undressing on every green tree,
In falling will bid me remember thee.

AN ACCOMPANIMENT FOR A PURSE.

O ! MAY this little present prove
A friendship candid and sincere ;
O ! may its fulness cherish love,
And dash away misfortune's tear.

Tho' but a little simple purse,
For generous virtue it is given,
It *may* enhance a present curse,
It *can* secure a future heaven.

Jan. 21, 1825.

SONG.



PEEPING above the mountain tops

The rays of morn appear ;

Sparkling melt the dewy drops

Where roams the mountaineer.

Spirit of the mountains misty height

Accept our early lay ;

Spread are the wings of day for flight,

Her thin robes flit away.

Then raise, raise, raise

To the spirit of the mountains grey

The grateful song of praise,

And away—away—

STANZAS.

Yes ; there are moments when the memory's eye
May dive into the terrors of the past ;
With calmness contemplate futurity,
And smile to blend the present with the last ;
The young imagination joys to cast
Itself beyond this visionary world,
To wing its wanderings o'er the regions vast
Of space, as restless as the ever-roving blast.

Spotless and pure it winds its pathless way ;
A spirit uncontroll'd, and ever free,
Brightening on every object. Yet there may
Be those (who wishing to conceive) gainsay
For it doth deeply quaff philosophy ;
But groaning with the galling chains of clay
Deny such immortality to be :—
Albeit those are thoughts confin'd to fetter'd misery.

How precious is the freedom of the soul !

A treasure rarely consecrate on earth ;

Fools deem it subject to the world's control—

Let them dream on ; or feign to scorn its worth.

Rome * priz'd the gem—a Roman brought it forth ;

And Sparta's Lord † could sup with it below ;

Egypt ador'd it ‡ ; and tho' clouds of mirth

Dropp'd hatred down on virtue §—yet it blazon'd
forth !

Can we behold unmov'd th' approach of Death

With all its awful crew ? Nay, more—

Can we with mild assurance yield our breath,

And fearless voyage to an unknown shore ;

The dark abyss of darker doubt explore.

Eternity's swift vessel boldly scan ?

This—this alone is learning to adore—

This is that precious freedom of the mind—no more.

* Brutus—† Leonidas—‡ Cleopatra, alluding to their respective heroic actions ; for which see their lives.

§ Socrates. This is in reference to the Play, in which Socrates was ridiculed by the persons, who some considerable time after became his accusers.

But lo ! what pensive shadow proudly rears
Its form majestic o'er what once was free ;
Smiling with innate satisfaction at the tears
That crimson'd flow in seeking former years ?—
'Tis one, who lov'd them well—one, who could see
In each bright drop reflected, what he ween'd ;
It scans not who he *was* ;* but he *will* be
The inspiring genius of their liberty.

Him did they love, will ever love the same ;
In memory, will mourn for him that's gone,
Fight, tho' commanded only by a name †
And welcome victory, or gory fame !
Oh ! he was one of many, in this age
Whose falchion dipp'd it in the bloody game ;
Forgetful of his country's idle rage
He lov'd, and ever will be in the sacred page.

* The reader may easily conceive the Noble Poet here alluded to. He occurred to me at the moment.

† In allusion to Cimon, whose name alone gained the victory ; for, after his death, he was actually the means of insuring success, so great a dread had that general's name diffused through the enemy's troops. For further particulars see the life of Cimon.

How many deem as lost the years gone by !
 (I am no moralizer)—yet, I ween
Were they to linger with mortality,
 Mix'd with the ruins, many an evergreen,
Would pier above the desolated scene,
 And force forgetfulness, perchance, to sigh ;
'There, wisdom, valour, grandeur, may be seen
To boast in desolation what they once have been !

The gaudy pomps of pageantry delight
 The idle crowd ; but to the classic gaze,
The worlds of heaven are food, when sleep and night,
 Fold half the world in fancy's mazy flight.
Gewgaws amuse the foolish ; but the true—
 Th' exalted genius asks a nobler light
The wreck of learning awes us as we woo,
And manly feeling loves to rev'rence that is low !

Corrupted taste ;—go, seek you sacred store
 And pause to think where many a hero sleeps !
There, nobler parts exist, themselves no more
 Than clouded comets on a distant shore :
There rests, o'er whom the mantling ivy creeps,
 Sages, whom now we scarcely can explore ;

Yet o'er their mighty dust the glow-worm sweeps,
Lighting the shades of those for whom remembrance
 weeps !

Fair isle !—behold, 'twas destin'd thee to save
 The sons of Greece—but prudence stay'd the deed—
They strive for freedom—find a freedman's grave,
 And yet canst thou behold the patriot bleed !
O ! dost thou on their glowing ashes feed,
 Nor blush that arts and science cry in vain ?
Why do ye cultivate the living seed,
Nor from the fulsome harvest pluck the intrusive
 weed ?

To * * * * *

O YES, my love ! I will cherish thee,
Sweet idol of my memory :
As the ivy entwines it round the tree,
So thou shalt embrace my fidelity.

How blest is the spot that is call'd thy home,
Yet far from my heart's delight I roam ;
The world is an ocean—a boundless sea,
And long must I plough the rough waves for thee.

In vain do I sigh for the moments gone by,
Yet vainer the hope which creates that sigh ;
For the shore of thy dwelling I've long sail'd by,
And now grieve in the heart's fidelity.

1824.

THE BLACKSMITH'S FLAME ;
OR,
A WALK BY THE CHURCH AT NIGHT.

Ah ! wherefore starts the trickling tear ;
Why heaves within the stifled sigh ?
A blasted flowret sleepeth here,
A virgin's mossy couch is nigh.

Nights' sable cloud had veil'd the sky,
When flash'd a momentary flame :
And on a sculptur'd stone close by,
My eye beheld Eliza's name.

I gaz'd upon the verdant earth
That rose above the sleeper's rest ;
A tear assur'd me of her worth,
And *memory* told me she was blest.

I gaz'd again—the flame was gone—
The gazer turn'd him from the stone.

March 1824.

WRITTEN ON THE 2^D OF AUGUST.

TO A FRIEND.

LET jolly mirth and pleasure gay
Imbided in every heart be found ;
Hence gnawing dæmon Care away,
And welcome sprightly Bacchus round.

In the bright bumper thou shalt sleep ;
In Lethe's stream to-day be drown'd
The past, the present now shall steep,
And friendship with a wreath be crown'd.

FRAGMENT.

Part we must—perchance for ever
 Summer pleasures, pure and true ;
Parting, we, mayhap, may never
 Break the syren spell—Adieu.
The genial joys of June are past,
The hoary sire is come at last
With snow, and hail, and whistling blast.

Sweet no more the matin note
 Of vocal songster rends the sky ;
Clos'd the little warblers' throat,
 Untun'd for sweetest melody.

How oft the cool retreat we sought,
Where nature's fancy pencil wrought
 Diversity of shade ;
Tracing with contemplative eye
 The water bubbles purling by
 In murmurs thro' the shade.

December 1824.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

Farewell forgetful, faithless thing—
The thoughtless insect of a day ;
For ever busy on the wing
For nought—but to entice away.

Pleas'd with the warmth of lively spring,
On every flower thou joy'st to rove ;
And oh ! forgetful faithless thing,
Dost steal the very life of love.

Ah, fool ! by friendships' dazzling light,
A victim prone to every sigh—
For lo ! the butterfly her flight
Has wafted on *inconstancy*.

Oct. 1824.

WOMAN.

There's a watery magic in woman's eye,
An innocent sparkling witchery.
That asks for love yet would be shy !

There's a spirit of friendship breathing there,
Where the clustering locks of auburn hair,
Carelessly float o'er a forehead fair !

There's a pouting ruby lip of red,
Whose nectar the bee would freely wed.

And this is all of our of kindred clay,
The sweets so soon to pass away !

Oh no !—there's a something we do not see,
A clouded spark of divinity ;
That pleasure and happiness can impart—
A woman's affectionate faithful *heart* !

ODE XXXII. BOOK I.—HORACE.

TRANSLATED.

TO HIS LYRE.

SHADED from the heat of day,
Have we tun'd the lively lay,
In the future page of fame,
Worthy an immortal name ;
Come and praise my native lyre
(Glowing with the Grecian fire)
Who could sing the god of wine,
Venus, and the jocund Nine ;
The favour'd boy with jetty eye,
And locks of sable glossy dye ;
Or the ocean's briny tide,
Ceas'd to wash the vessels side ;
Or the bright and gleaming sword
Ceas'd to stain its warlike lord.
Pride of Phœbus, who dost prove
Agreeable at the feasts of Jove,
Sweet relief, when cares prevail,
Or toils or bitter thoughts assail ;
Aid me and propitious be,
Whene'er a worthy votary.

ON A

RINGLET OF HAIR.

TELL me, little ringlet, why
So creative of a sigh,
When I gaze upon this hair ?
Once it grac'd a pretty fair—
Gentle Hebe, prithee, why,
So susceptible of a sigh
When I deign to look on thee ?
'Tis old churlish memory—
The father of old hoary care,
And melancholy dark despair.
For blue-eyed Hope that deems not nigh
The cloud which often dims the sky ;
And sportive Love that soars on high,
And warms to glowing ecstasy,
Are gone—yea—gone for ever,
And she is false—and never, never

Can a heart so warm—so true,
Gaze with the same delight on you ;
For she has wing'd a distant flight,
And bid to every care good night.
Then ask no more or when, or why
The bright tear sparkles in the eye ;
But think on—fidelity.

Oct, 1824.

ON THE
FACE OF A WATCH.

How small a thing !
And yet for ever on the wing,
Busy as a bee :
Flying unconscious to eternity
O'er varied time,
And many a clime,
Thy golden fangs the truant oft do play,
Killing the pleasures of the swift-pac'd day ;
The silent night,
With all its treasures,
Is put to flight by thy unpleasing measures :
Yet welcome ever-changing rolling eye—
'Times' speaking mirror of eternity !

ON LEAVING NEWNHAM,
(THE SEAT OF LORD HARCOURT.)

FAREWELL enchanting lovely scene !
Farewell thou dark luxurious grove !
Fades on mine eye the daisied green,
The paths thro' which I joy'd to rove ;
And sigh'd, or deem'd I sigh'd for love.
For there the glossy hazel grew,
And pleasant was the rural shade :
Whilst o'er the scene the Aspin threw
Its rustling murmurs to the glade.
It seem'd as tho' for bliss 'twas made ;—
And perfum'd was the mossy road
That wound its secret track along,
And oft' arose the sweet abode,
Secluded from the curious throng.
The luscious woodbine peeping, spread
Its fragrance o'er the rural shed ;

Around the wanton ivy twin'd,
In wildest playfulness combin'd
To bury in its deep recess
A seat, for virtuous faithfulness.
Here, thought and meditation might retire,
In quiet, from the haunts of care ;—
And dedicate their wild poetic fire
To the deep silence of the fragrant air !
The pensive mourner here might rove,
And welcome thoughts—e'en thoughts of love,
Tears might escape, for hope gone by—
And yield the heart relief :
And anguish free the secret sigh
That chain'd him to his grief ;
For, save the drooping cypress tree,
He might cherish his sorrow alone and free.

ON SEEING MR. YOUNG,

AS HAMLET.

THERE dwelt a *seeming* sorrow in his eye
Betraying inward agony—
And oft times o'er his cheek would flush
Pallid with grief, the hectic blush ;
He burst at last the spell which bound his tongue,
When he found those he lov'd not, fled—
For memory regarded but the dead.
Unconscious of the lighted world around.
But, when he gave to utterance what woo'd
The reasoning of his soul,
Which, as his passion, glow'd ;
The minds of stilly hundreds flow'd
Slaves of that eloquent controul

Which bound the sense enthrall'd !
Yet, once that voice, more exquisite than ever,
Drew pity and appall'd—
When death around, doom'd the crack'd heart to sever !
All this was but the *magic* of a *thought*
Working in his high forehead ;—all that wrought
So great a change in *nature*, and in *Young* !

ON THE DEATH
OF A
YOUNG LADY.

THE glossy auburn still is seen—
The marble forehead peeps between—
The curling lash—the vein of blue—
The roseate softness yet is true;—
The ruby lip awakens bliss,
And seems to ask the father's kiss.
But all is silent!—all is cold!—
How like the marble we behold!—
Perchance, a Grecian sculptor's knife
Has struck this more than cheat of life :—
Oh no! alas! that snowy breast,
Where lately innocence resided,
Is lovely in its last sad rest,
Tho' life and beauty are divided.

Then flow thou sympathetic tear
And glitter on a——sister's bier.
For, seal'd in death the roving eye,
So bright—so innocently shy—
No longer charms to ecstasy. }
The voice of melody so clear,
No more will lull the ravish'd ear :—
The lyres' once enchanting tone
Is lost—for it is left alone.
But tell me, envied of the dead,
Say, whither is thy spirit fled ?—
Does she wing a lonely flight
Sailing in the robes of night ?
Does she on the whiten'd foam
Of the ocean's bosom roam ?—
Does she wrap her in a shroud
Of the morning's dappled cloud ?—
Spirit, whither dost thou fly ?—

In the realms beyond the sky.—
From corruption early riven,
To enjoy an earlier heaven !—

Feb. 15, 1825.

AN OLD OAK.

How well thy years become thee hoary sire !
The howling tempest thou hast oft defied ;
And the fierce floods their gurgling pow'rs have plied
Beneath in vain.—The bright electric fire
(Heaven's lighted anger) sporting far and wide,
Has glisten'd o'er thy proud aspiring form,
Firm and unshaken in the whirlwinds storm.
Thy russet locks, which often in the gale
Have murmuring wanton'd, many a tale
Of innocent affection could decide.—
But, Oh ! how chang'd of late, who didst defy
Th' opposing elements !—the same man fares !—
A wither'd body, and a few grey hairs
Alone survive, to speak his destiny.

March 6, 1825.

SLEEP.

SWEET, sweet delusion of life's fitful game !
Oh ! it is pleasant to relieve awhile
In thy enchanted bowers, and beguile
The wearied sense. Yet, still thou art the same ;
A dream created dream,—where weary fame,
And air-born hope, and loves ecstatic smile.—
So various are thy scenes, we might compile
A third and lively picture of the same.
Oft have I courted thee and sought to wed
Thy sisterhood, and mockery of the dead.
Thou art a Camer' Obscura,—where we find
Deceit, and joy, and misery assailing ;
Hope, fear, love, hate ;—the children of the mind !
Each, more or less, alternately prevailing.

ON SEEING A YOUNG FRIEND ATTENTIVELY
GAZING ON A PICTURE OF
LORD BYRON.

IMMORTAL Poet !—Spirit of the lyre !—
Well the young eye may love to dwell on thee
The spring of such enchanting minstrelsy.
My humble pen to laud thee would aspire,
But, that thou art a self-created fire—
A night star,—shining o'er thy destiny.
Thou hast forsaken thy poor wretched spot
Of human greatness—not to be forgot ;
Thy nobler part, deep drawn philosophy !
The inmate of that high and pallid front,
Where the combin'd and glossy curl was wont
To play—the seat of heaven born poetry.
Thy genius, like a spirit-working spell
Chain'd to fame's base, with us shall ever dwell.

1825.

TO THE MEMORY OF
KIRKE WHITE.

STRANGER, forbear to pass regardless by—

O ! moisten with a tear this rising earth,
Sacred to genius and to poetry :

A humble tribute to a man of worth.

While recollection ponders o'er the stone

Where youthful greatness fills a narrow span,
May admiration weave a wreath for *one*
Who was a *poet*—but, alas ! a *man*.

For him the Muses rang'd the fields of thought,

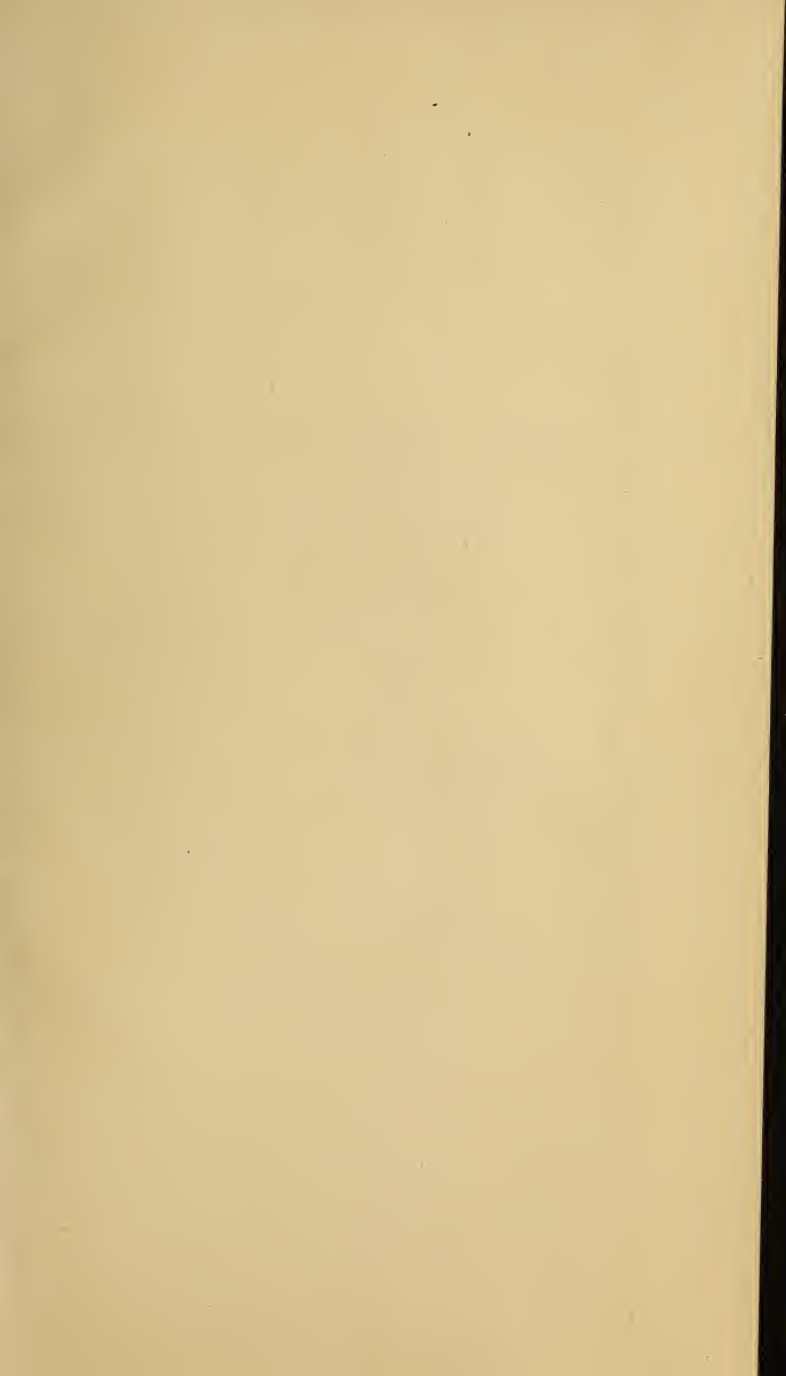
And cull'd the choicest flowers for his mind :
Sweet was the varied poesy they wrought,
For poetry and harmony combin'd.—

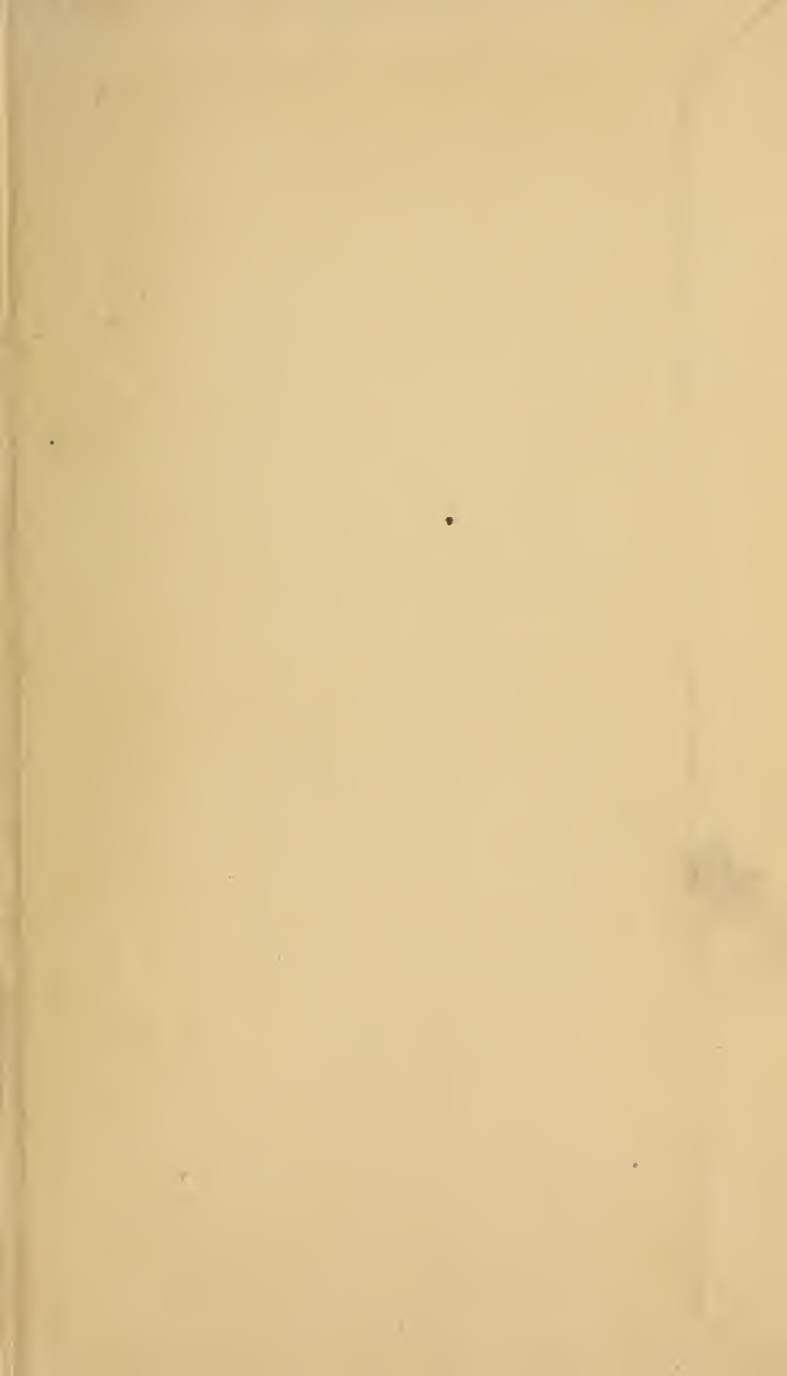
Seek for no more—for little it implies—

The knowledge of the future is not given :—
Enough—that virtue bore him to the skies,
And bade the blossom flourish long in heaven.

April 6, 1825.







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